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(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Two Allegories

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

Chapter V. *By* M. K. GANDHI

John Burns—Has He Finished?

By ANGELA MORGAN

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has written his Autobiography entitled

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Contents

Copyright 1926

EDITORIAL—
Notes 163
Two Allegories—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 165
Jottings.—J. H. H. 166
Editorial Correspondence: American Notes—SYDNEY STRONG 166

ARTICLES—
The Triumph of Truth—*John Stuart Mill* 163
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Chapter V—At the High School—M. K. GANDHI 168
Mahatma Gandhi—The Man and His Methods—*Eugen Kalkschmidt* 169
John Burns—Has He Finished? ANGELA MORGAN 171
Can Pacifists Unite on the Outlawry of War?—*John Faville* 173

THE STUDY TABLE—
Mostly Textbooks—FREDERICK STARR 173

POETRY
"Follow Me"—Not—VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH 167

CORRESPONDENCE—
UNITY and Peace—ALAN PRESSLEY WILSON 175
Another Viewpoint Plus a Tolerant Spirit—I. S. NEWELL 175
Missionaries in Japan.—L. 175

THE FIELD—
International Fellowship of Reconciliation 175

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, MAY 10, 1926 NUMBER 11

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH

The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution is one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. History teems with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed forever, it may be thrown back for centuries.

To speak only of religious opinions, the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigensis were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. Hussites were put down. . . . Persecution has always succeeded save where the heretics were too strong a party to be successfully persecuted. .. . . It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either. The real advantage which truth has consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages, there will generally be found persons to rediscover it. —*John Stuart Mill.*

The Prohibition hearings have ended in Washington, very decidedly, it seems to us, with a victory for the "drys." Two things, the "wets" made plain; first, that the condition of the country, as regards enforcement of the law, is bad, and, secondly, that there are people in this country who desire to get their "booze" under easier, safer and less expensive conditions than they can get it now. To these two points the "drys" made effective reply. They demonstrated to perfection, for example, that the present condition of the country, however unsatisfactory from the standpoint of an accepted policy of Prohibition, is very much better than anything ever known before the passage of the 18th Amendment. It is this relative point of view which the "wets," consciously or unconsciously, persistently ignore. We have a long road to travel, as yet, to complete enforcement of the law, but the progress already made gives assurance that further progress is possible. The liquor interests have always been lawless and defiant, but they do no such damage today as they did in the old days of license and local option. On the second point, that of the demand of the "wets" for "booze," it was conclusively shown that what is at the bottom of the revolt is not "liberty" or any other such lofty ideal, but just plain "appetite." The very fact that the "wets" are making such a row about the present situation, shows that they are having a lot of trouble getting what they want. Their desire is to have things opened up a bit—beer and light wines, for example—but what assurance is there that, if this concession were made, the "wets" would be satisfied? They have no respect for the Constitution or the Volstead Act—why would they respect a law which denied them whiskey and hard liquors? Would not the same bugaboo of "liberty" be invoked again—the same animal appetite be unsatisfied still? Pass a law legalizing beers and wines, and at once it would be an open sewer for the floating in of every vile concoction known to the trade. The "drys" showed up their enemies with ruthless rigor. They nailed all serious arguments, few enough in number, and stripped away every last hypocrisy.

But the "drys" did more than rout the "wets;" they established their own position anew. Thus they demonstrated with amazing impressiveness the great body of moral opinion and conviction existent in this country upon the liquor question. Anybody who believes that the Prohibition movement has gone dead, or even lost any part of its passion and power, must have had a rude awakening at this Congressional hearing. Whereas the "wets" were represented by isolated individuals, speaking for nobody but themselves and coming from only a few great centers of population, like New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, the "dry" cause was championed by men and women who spoke for great organizations, representing millions of people, living in all parts of the nation. The churches, the women's societies, the granges, the trades unions, all came forward in the persons of eloquent advocates, and delivered a message as courageous as it was determined. Senator Reed, equally courageous and determined, did his best to beat down this superb array of intellectual and moral conviction, but all in vain. Thanks to the exasperated "wets," the "dry" cause has been given an impetus which it has not had for years, and the country at large a demonstration of that essential and permanent power of the Prohibition movement which a supine metropolitan press had all but succeeded in hiding away. This hearing, as we said in this place some weeks ago, was the last desperate drive of the "wets." They have failed utterly to reach their objective, as we knew they would, and a rapid subsiding of their noise is to be expected. They will make plenty of trouble, of course, for months, probably years, to come. Violations of the law are certain to continue

for a long time, perhaps for a generation. But the "drys" are enlisted in this war to the end. They have right and justice on their side, and are not therefore to be defeated. We only wish that every cause in which we are interested were as sure of victory as Prohibition.

Foreign Affairs (London) calls attention in its April issue to the "Armaments Year Book" recently published by the League of Nations. This is an exhaustive compilation, 1,100 pages long, giving elaborate information about the world's military forces, national defence budgets and policies, and war industries. Added to this is statistical material relating to the military situation in fifty-seven countries, members and non-members of the League, from Albania to Venezuela. The Book is published by the League of Nations to "create among general staffs concerned that feeling of confidence which is a result of open dealings," and to "create an organization for mutual information concerning military situations which would render it possible to nip in the bud any campaign started by an alarmist press." These are laudable and sincere purposes, yet is the publication one well calculated to please a Mussolini, who said a while ago that "the surest peace is born under the shadow of the sword," and all those who so think with him. For the "Year Book" shows impressively how far the nations of the world are removed from anything that bears even the faintest resemblance to peace. Armies, navies, airplanes, chemical gases, are everywhere, all prepared for the coming of the next war. It's a gruesome spectacle! Perhaps nothing in the volume is more significant than its revelation of how much mere thought-processes, inward psychological states or points of view, have to do with this armament business. Thus, Haiti gets along with no army at all, but Honduras has to have compulsory military service as a guarantee of security. Of Newfoundland, the Book reports that "it has been decided by the Government that there is to be no military organization in this Dominion," whereas in Australia, "the cadet organization has been developed in order that all boys may be given an introdduction to military work." Denmark is considering the abolition of her armaments, but Holland exacts from women volunteers fifty hours of military training annually. It's "thinking makes it so," after all! We never shall get far in the matter of disarmament until we realize that psychological as well as economic factors are central to the situation.

It is distressing to receive from Denver the news of the reopening of Judge Lindsey's case. It will be remembered that this case, involving a disputed election, was dismissed by the Supreme Court of Colorado following the death of the Ku Klux Klan candidate who had tried to defeat "the children's judge" at the polls. Now comes the word that on Monday, April 19th last, the Supreme Court, by a vote of four to three, granted the application of the widow of the Klan candidate to reopen the case. The effect of this unexpected action is that the election contest, which everybody supposed was decided for good and all in the Judge's favor is not ended. The Klan is still on the trail, and is using this one more device for ruining Judge Lindsey. It seems impossible that an original decision reached by a unanimous vote of the Court, can now be reversed. Yet judges do queer things in the name of justice, as see this reopening of the case itself, and it is well for Judge Lindsey's friends to be prepared for what may happen. If the Supreme Court should now act unfavorably, the effect would be to oust Lindsey from the bench of the Children's Court in Denver, which he has made world-famous. His successor would then be appointed by the County Commissioners, who of course would have the right to select any one to serve until the next election. An adverse decision may further mean that the Judge would have to turn over his salary since the election to the estate of the Klan candidate, a serious contingency to a man who has no property because he has given his all in years gone by to his great work for the redemption of children as over against the power of corrupt political machines and business corporations. In the face of such possibilities, the friends of Judge Lindsey, and of the children, must again be on the alert. The struggle and expense of freedom in fighting the forces of evil, is one which never ends!

The problem of religious teaching in the schools is always with us. There is a deep-rooted conviction in us all that religion ought to be taught. How ridiculous it is that we should train body and mind, but leave altogether untaught the higher faculties of being which belong to the soul, or spirit. The very moment that the general proposition of teaching religion, in the schools or elsewhere, is made concrete, at that moment it becomes to us at least impossible. What is religion, that it should be taught like arithmetic, or geography, or cooking? Who are the teachers, private or public, competent to handle the mysteries of spiritual life? If religion is made a subject of specific instruction, what chance is there that the children will receive anything more than an undigested mass of myth and dogma that has no more to do with religion than a stone with bread? It is a tantalizing problem, not helped any toward solution by the selfish interests and mutual antagonisms of the hundred and one miserable sects into which the religious forces of our time are so shamefully divided. What to do? We never knew until we chanced to read a chance article by Principal Jacks, of England, in which he gave the answer of a great schoolmaster to this question. This answer came to us as a bright ray of light in darkness. We submit

it herewith to our readers as a perfect statement of the truth involved in this whole proposition. Read it and pass it on, that enlightenment may spread abroad!

"A great headmaster was once asked: 'Where in your time table do you teach religion?' 'We teach it,' he said, 'all day long. We teach it in arithmetic by accuracy. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean—yea, yea, and nay, nay. We teach it in history by humanity. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft, by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it in the playground, by fair play. We teach it by kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and by truthfulness in all things. We teach it by showing the children that we, their elders, are their friends and not their enemies. I do not want religion brought into this school from outside. What we have of it we grow ourselves.'"

That Ellen Key was a great woman, one of the greatest women of modern times, all were agreed. But just what was her position in the field of modern thought, was a subject of hot discussion. This was largely because, we imagine, in her inspiring writings on the subject of women, children and the family, Ellen Key presented a curious combination of radical and conservative ideas. It was her radical teachings, undoubtedly, that carried her name around the world and made it the center of bitter controversy. Thus she taught with breath-taking directness the right of motherhood—the right of a woman, that is, to bear a child outside the marital relation as well as inside. On the other hand, however, was a vigorous reassertion in Ellen Key's books of ideas which now have a strangely reactionary sound. Thus she insisted on that fundamental distinction between the sexes, in their functions and their exercise of those functions, which we are now doing so much to cover up. In the same way she insisted on the mother's duty to stay in the home and give herself to the care and upbringing of her children. The dignity and right of the maternal function was after all her great message, and to this she sought to summon her sisters anew. Along with this went a glorification of childhood which was sublime; her "Century of the Child" was her most widely read as it was most certainly her noblest book. Above and beyond everything else, however, was the woman herself—a big, brave, expansive, contagious personality that caught and held the imagination of men by the sheer sweep and exuberance of its power. Not so great a writer as Olive Schreiner, she was a greater teacher. The two were undoubtedly the most deservedly distinguished women of this century. Ellen Key was at the heighth of her influence and fame when the War came and swallowed her up. She never quite emerged —but her death reminds us poignantly how great she was.

Two Allegories

I

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

The mother worked, and sang as she worked. Her song was light and merry. She danced from room to room. A boy laughed and gurgled in his crib. The air was filled with joy. Joy was everywhere in the mother's world. Her world was small. The outside world she had forgotten. The smiles and tears, the joy and agonies of the great world never entered her life.

Suddenly a great hush came. The baby's gurgle became a low moan. The mother's smile faded from her lips. A heavy silence filled the home. Then a deep-voiced, deep-eyed woman came. Her face spoke of peace, her smile was the tenderest. Her extended arms seemed to be the Eternal Arms. She said:

"Come, sister, you must go through the Valley of the Shadow. I will go with you."

The two walked together into the Great Shadow. The mother carried her babe in her arms, close, close to her beating heart. The shadow deepened. Down, down into the valley the two went together. The darkness penetrated the mother's soul. It was the blackness of a sunless world. Her step faltered. Her soul was bent. She felt her child touched by an unseen hand, and then it was gone. A cry of helpless agony burst from her lips.

The deep-voiced sister took her in those compassionate arms. In the mother's ear she whispered:

"I have been through the Valley of the Shadow. I understand." Then the shadow lightened, a gleam of sunshine appeared. A new day began to dawn. The two went out together from the Valley of the Shadow.

Now the mother walked about the home with a firm and resolute step. Beauty was mingled with strength. Her song was one of the unfathomable joy of life and love. She lived in the great world. She was a sister to the woman of sorrow. With them she walked with serene courage through their Valley of the Shadow.

II

DISCIPLES OR FELLOW WORKERS

It was the close of day. Thick, heavy clouds curtained the sky. A bitter wind came out of the east. The spring flowers shrank closer to mother earth. The leaves of the trees sang a song of sadness. The great plain was empty. Then I saw the figure of a man coming in the distance. His body was bent as one bearing the sorrows of mankind, but when he came nearer, I saw a light of wondrous beauty in his eyes, and a heavenly smile played about his face. He looked lonely, very, very lonely. And then I saw he was followed by a great company, a mighty host. Men marched in an endless procession, far, far off in the

distance. They sang songs of adoration addressed to the leader walking on before. Banners inscribed with his name waved in the air. Great companies of richly dressed priests intoned his praises. Countless numbers besought him in accents of prayer, while others sounded his praise in words of fervent adulation. On he walked into the distance, the mighty company ever following behind. These were his disciples.

In a moment the scene changed. The air was pure and clean, and birds twittered in the trees, which murmured a gladsome song. The fragrance of flowers was in the air. The glory of the sunshine transfused the whole earth. I saw again coming across the endless plain the same leader. His face was serious, but his eyes were filled with joy, and his smile told of faith, courage and hope. Around him was a little company who walked with him. From their eyes also shown a divine light, and in their faces was peace. As they walked, their eyes were fixed on something which they saw in the far-off distance. They reached towards it and pointed it out one to the other. They spoke words of joy. They raised their hands together as if they would reach that unto which they looked. I looked again for the leader and could not distinguish him from the others. The joy of fellowship blended the company into a common life. These were Fellow Workers.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

It is encouraging to note, in a report from India, dated March 28th, that Gandhi is rapidly improving in health. The announcement states:

> Gandhiji's health is now good and he looks quite cheerful. He has already commenced his normal work.

Rumors persist that Gandhi is planning to visit the West. The latest rumor is that the Mahatma may sail for Europe in May, to visit the World's Students' Congress at Helsingfors. We shall not believe any of these reports until we have the word of Gandhi himself, as he has more than once declared that his work is still in India.

The argument of freedom for India has never been more fundamentally stated than by C. F. Andrews, in an "Address To Students":

> I have seen with my own eyes, on every hand, in almost every part of the world, the "Religion of White Race Supremacy" taught and practiced. This arrogant creed makes it impossible for Indians to remain in such an imperial system with any self-respect. I believe that this religion of "White Race Supremacy" is the greatest of all curses to the human race today. I hate and detest this religion. It is fundamentally opposed to my own Christian religion of the brotherhood of men in the Fatherhood of God.

The opening of the baseball season shows where public interest lies. How many great public questions could be settled, if we could enlist in their behalf a fraction of the interest now absorbed in "Babe" Ruth and his home-runs!

A recent advertisement in a great literary review speaks of a certain writer as "a nobler Byron, a more musical Dumas, a more vital Meredith, a swifter moving Scott." Thus is modern literature created! We don't need authors any more—only publicity men!

Senator Frazier has introduced into the Senate a bill providing for an amendment to the Constitution making war illegal. This is a fine talking point, and we are all for it. But we are convinced, as a matter of practical statesmanship, that this thing is never coming by the action of any single nation, but only by the action of all the nations together. It is on this point, as on others, that the Outlawry of War program is absolutely sound.

J. H. H.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

The old-fashioned American—the one who dates back to 1620, 1630 or 1640, when the Puritan migration took place to New England—is waking up to find that some exercises of liberty, which he has enjoyed since his fathers threw off the "yoke of the oppressor," have been stolen from him. . . . Those who in 1917 traveled across the Atlantic to "save Europe" and nail down democracy for ever and kill off Prussianism are discovering that a bad case of "Prussianism" was brought back, which seems to be spreading. . . . As illustration, let me draw from Seattle:—

I had an interview last night with Frederick J. Libby. His ancestry dates back to 1637. Thus he has as pure an American strain as President Coolidge. He is a highly cultured man, and genial companion. He is the active head of the National Council for Prevention of War. Not a whiff of disloyalty can be blown upon him. He's "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," and would be able to qualify for all the degrees of a Hundred Percenter. In his Council are some thirty-seven organizations, some of which are quite conservative. He is out to promote a better understanding between the nations—not a vicious ambition. His life is more open than a book. . . .

A group of respectable and patriotic citizens in Seattle had made speaking dates for him and he came

on to fill them. A few hours before the time for speaking the dates were cancelled, by two organizations, the Young Men's Business Club and the Women's City Club. No explanation, no apology. He himself had to seek the explanation. The trail took him and his friends to the office of a certain Dr. Wurdemann, oculist, at present head of the state national guard, with the title of "Brigadier General." It seems that this Dr. Wurdemann had informed the clubs which Dr. Libby was to address that he "was connected with Moscow." The officers of the Men's Club ("he-men" they sometimes call themselves) seemed to have been scared stiff, and the meeting was called off. The "Brig. Gen." of course said that he had evidence—although he declined to show it to Dr. Libby, and mysteriously intimated that he spoke for the Army. As a matter of fact Dr. Libby draws his motives from Moscow about as much as President Coolidge. This Dr. Wurdemann is simply a "Prussian" dressed up in American clothes. . . .

The other case that I myself met is that of Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare. She also dates back her ancestry to the 17th century of American history. Her "fathers" fought for liberty which might be preserved to their children. Before the War she was in Europe and became acquainted with some of the facts. On her return, she felt it to be her patriotic duty to enlighten her fellow citizens, and so took the stump, as had been her practice for years. She had not gone very far before some of her hearers had her arrested and almost before she "could say Jack Robinson" she found herself in the federal prison, in Jeffersonville. (Jefferson, writer of the Declaration of Independence, would have mused over the naming of a prison after him, especially when he had seen this regal woman entering, for five years, to do hard work and eat prison fare, in which she on the first day was made intimately acquainted with worms and maggots.) She was in prison for 14 months, when Chicago Churches interested themselves in her case, Pres. Wilson pardoned her, with the words, that there had "been a miscarriage of justice." . . . Mrs. O'Hare is now touring the country, engaged by both employers' and employes' organizations, speaking against contract prison labor. The central labor council of Spokane had invited her and had arranged her dates. All at once they cancelled the engagements, saying they could "not get a hall." . . . On inquiry, it was found that a group of the American Legion (ex-soldiers) had strongly objected. Fortunately, there was time to set things right, and Mrs. O'Hare spoke. . . . Such incidents are popping up all over America. Even the university of Minnesota prohibited Dr. Wiley, a prominent "fundamentalist" and Scott Nearing, a prominent socialist, from speaking on the campus. . . . The old-fashioned American is becoming much disturbed, and is occasionally raising the question, whether like the Puritan ancestors or like the Germans of last century he may not have to seek some other land in order to preserve his liberties.

There is now a bill before Congress that is troubling the old-timers, a "registration bill" which provides for the registration of all aliens (ten or twelve million, I believe) and the payment by each of ten dollars, the giving of notice of movements and changes, such as hair-cut and accidents, and the payment occasionally of a five dollar fee,—another bit of "Prussianism." This will mean a terrifying of aliens, the creation of an army of detectives and book-keepers and a new bureau for the federal government, that is already well stocked with bureaucrats. Secretary of Labor Davis is behind this bill, so it has a good chance to pass.

The old-fashioned American is also having difficulty in reconciling his "bed-rock" principles with what is happening in Hawaii and along the Pacific Coast, in respect to Asiatics. One of these principles provides that birth on American soil is a certificate of citizenship. . . . This is what has happened in the Hawaiian Islands. There now live 20,000 Japanese who have been born under the American flag. They are now enjoying the privileges of suffrage, or soon will, and others are coming on. There is no complaint as to their patriotism, but they are naturally beginning to crowd on the economic and political privileges of the "children of the missionaries" who it is said control the bulk of the sugar and pineapple lands, along with steamboats, banks, etc. The oldtimers would be glad to say, "Aloha" and bid goodbye to these 20,000 to escape the competition, but where can these bona fide citizens go? A lot of them are willing to go, but where?

At this very moment, Governor Farrington of Hawaii is in Washington, D. C., urging that these 20,000 Japanese-Americans be given the right of immediate entry to the American mainland, which would mean to San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles and further east. The mainlanders are objecting on the ground that it would open the gate for Asiatic migration, contrary to the exclusion act. . . . The battle in this will be between two groups of white men, with the Japanese standing to be winners, in either case,—unless Americans decide to tear up their declaration of citizenship privileges. No one blames the Japanese for being in Hawaii, for along with the Chinese before them they were politely invited to come "over to Hawaii and help us." They came, and 20,000 of them got born over there, and couldn't help becoming embryo American citizens, and patriotic, saluting the flag with the fervor of new converts and exhibiting the quality of speed and efficiency that mark the true American. This is one of the problems troubling the sleep of the thorough-bred American, who is trying to square his conduct with the principles of "the fathers" —the Pilgrims, Jefferson, Lincoln, etc.—and the end does not appear to be in sight.

SYDNEY STRONG.

"FOLLOW ME"—*NOT*

"Follow me not," the wise man said,
"But go the way of your heart instead.

The power divine in you has wrought—
Follow the way of your honest thought.

"Follow the light within your breast—
For it alone gives strength and rest."

This was the word of the man divine:
"Follow your heart as I do mine!"

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

CHAPTER V

AT THE HIGH SCHOOL

I have already said that I was learning at the High School when I was married. All of us three brothers were learning at the same school. The eldest brother was in a much higher class, and the elder brother who was married at the same time as I, was only one class ahead of me. Marriage resulted in both of us wasting a year. The result was even worse for my brother. He gave up studies altogether. Heaven knows how many youths suffer the same plight as he. Only in the present Hindu society can studies and marriage go together.

My studies were continued. I was not regarded as a dunce at the High School. I always enjoyed the affection of the teachers. Certificates of boys' progress and character used to be sent to the parents every year. I never had a bad certificate. I even won prizes after I passed out of the second standard and in the fifth and sixth I had scholarships of Rs—four and ten respectively—an achievement for which I have to thank good luck more than my own merit. For the scholarships were not open to all, but reserved for the best boys amongst those coming from the Sorath Division of Kathiawar. And in those days there could not have been many boys from Sorath in a class of forty to fifty boys.

My own recollection is that I had not any high regard for my ability. I used to be astonished whenever I won prizes and scholarships. But I very jealously guarded my character. The least little blemish draw tears from my eyes. Anything I merited, or seemed to the teacher to merit, his rebuke was unbearable for me. I remember having once got corporal punishment. I did not so much mind it, as the fact that I was considered to have deserved it. I wept piteously. That was when I was in the first or second standard. There is another incident of the time when I was in the seventh standard. Dorabji Edulji Gimi was the headmaster then. He was popular among boys, as he was a disciplinarian, a man of method and a good teacher. He had made gymnastics and cricket compulsory for boys of the upper standards. And I disliked both. I never took part in any exercise, cricket or football, before they were made compulsory. My shyness was one of the reasons of my aloofness, which I now see was wrong. I then had the wrong notion that gymnastics had nothing to do with education. Today I know that physical training should have as much place in the curriculum as mental training.

I may however mention that I was none the worse for abstaining from exercise. That was because I had read in books the benefits of long walks in the open air, and having liked the advice I formed a habit of taking walks which has still remained with me. These walks gave me a fairly hardy constitution.

And the reason of my dislike of gymnastics was my keen desire to serve as nurse to my father. As soon as the school closed, I would get back home and begin serving father. Compulsory exercise came in the way of the service. I requested Mr. Gimi to exempt me from gymnastics so that I might be free for this service but he would not listen to me. Now it so happened that on a Saturday when we had our school in the morning, I had to go to the school for gymnastics from home at 4 o'clock in the evening. I had no watch, and the clouds deceived me. Before I reached the school the boys had all left. The next day Mr. Gimi examining the roll found me marked absent. Being asked the reason for absence, I told him what had happened. He refused to believe me and ordered me to pay a fine of one or two annas (I now forget how much). I was convicted of lying! That deeply pained me. How was I to prove my innocence? There was no way. I cried in deep anguish. I saw that a man of truth must also be a man of carefulness. This was the first and last instance of my carelessness in school. I have a faint recollection that I succeeded in the end in getting exemption from the fine.

The exemption from exercise was of course obtained, my father having himself written to the Headmaster that he wanted me at home after school. But though I was none the worse for having neglected exercise, I am still paying the penalty of another neglect. I do not know whence I got the notion that good handwriting was not a necessary part of education, but I retained it quite until I went to England. When later, especially in South Africa, I saw the beautiful handwriting of lawyers and young men born and educated in South Africa, I was ashamed of myself and repented of my neglect. I saw that bad handwriting should be regarded as a sign of an imperfect education. I tried later to improve my handwriting, but it was too late. I could never repair the neglect of my youth. Let every young man and woman be warned by my example, and understand that good handwriting is a necessary part of education. I am now of opinion that children must first be taught the art of drawing before learning how to write. Let the child learn his letters by observation as he does different objects, birds, etc., and let him learn handwriting only after he has learnt to draw objects. He will then write a beautifully formed hand.

Two more reminiscences of my school days are worth recording. I had lost one year because of my marriage and the teacher wanted me to make good the loss by skipping a class—a privilege usually allowed to industrious boys. I therefore had only six months in the third standard and was promoted to the fourth after the examinations which are followed by the summer vacation. English became the medium of instruction in most subjects from the fourth standard. I found myself completely at sea. Geometry was a new subject in which I was not particularly strong and the English medium made it more difficult for me. The teacher taught the subject very well, but I could not follow him. Often would I lose heart and think of going back to the third standard, feeling the packing of two years' studies in one as too ambitious. But that would not only discredit me, but the teacher who counting on my industry had recommended my promotion. So the fear of the double discredit kept me to

my post. As, however, with much effort I reached the thirteenth proposition of Euclid, the utmost simplicity of the subject was suddenly revealed to me. A subject which required a pure and simple use of one's reasoning could not be difficult. Ever since Geometry became easy and interesting to me.

Sanskrit however proved a tougher job. In Geometry there was nothing to memorise, whereas in Sanskrit, I thought, everything had to be mugged up. This subject also was commenced from the fourth standard. As soon as I entered the sixth I threw up the sponge. The teacher was a hard taskmaster anxious, as I thought, to stuff too much into the boys. There was a sort of rivalry going on between the Sanskrit and the Persian teachers. The Persian teacher was temperate. Boys used to talk among themselves that Persian was very easy and the Persian teacher very good and considerate to the students. The "easiness" tempted me and one day I sat in the Persian class. The Sanskrit teacher was grieved. He called me to his side and said: "How can you forget that you are the son of a Vaishnava father? Won't you learn the language of your religion? If you have any difficulty, why not come to me? I want to teach you students Sanskrit to the best of my ability. As you proceed further, you will find in it things of absorbing interest. You should not lose heart. Come and sit again in the Sanskrit class." This shamed me. I could not disregard the teacher's affection. Today I cannot but think with gratitude of Krishnashanker Pandya. For if I had not acquired the little Sanskrit that I did then, I would have found it difficult to take any interest in our sacred books. In fact I deeply regret that I could not acquire more Sanskrit, as I learnt later that no Hindu boy or girl should be without a sound knowledge of Sanskrit.

I now think that in all Indian curricula of higher education there should be a place for Hindi, Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic and English, besides of course the vernacular. This big list need not frighten any one. If our education was more systematic, and the boys free from the burden of having to learn their subjects in a foreign medium, I am sure learning all these languages would not be a task, but a perfect pleasure. A scientific knowledge of one language makes a knowledge of other languages very easy.

Really speaking Hindi, Gujarati and Sanskrit may be regarded as one language, and Persian and Arabic also as one. Though Persian and Sanskrit belong to a different family of languages from Arabic and Hebrew, there is a close relationship between Persian and Arabic as both claim their growth through the same source, *viz.* the rise of Islam. Urdu I have not regarded as a distinct language because it has adopted the Hindi grammar and its vocabulary is mainly Persian and Arabic, and he who would learn good Urdu must learn Persian and Arabic, as one who would learn good Gujarati, Hindi, Bengali, or Marathi, must learn Sanskrit.

—(Translated from *Navajivan* by MAHADEO DESAI.)

M. K. GANDHI.

Mahatma Gandhi—The Man and His Methods

What Lenin is for Russia, that Gandhi is for India: the soul of Asia asserts itself against Western civilization in both these leaders. Lenin imposed revolution upon the peoples of Russia, and with cold calculation overthrew the greatest kingdom of the European continent. The new world is to be born out of Chaos! Far different is Gandhi. His concern is to revolutionize the mind, but in token of an all-comprehending brotherly love which rejects all violence as unsuitable and shuns it as inhuman. The British Government knew nothing better than to condemn this man to prison for six years. It did not do this gladly, though.

On the 18th March, 1922, he was accused and condemned on the charge "that he had estranged his people from the reigning authority and stirred them up to hatred and sedition against the lawful representatives of His Majesty." Gandhi's defense only confirmed the accusation and strengthened it: "The Advocate General is quite right when he says that as a man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education and a fair share of the experience of this world, I should have known the consequences of my acts. I knew I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I was set free I would still do the same. . . . I do not ask for mercy, I do not plead any extenuating act." The judge then hesitatingly asks him what punishment he should inflict upon him: If six years would be unreasonably long? Certainly not, assured Gandhi, the judgment is the mildest that the judge can impose.

What a strange contention! And in our own political life when have we heard a revolutionary leader use words such as those with which this great Indian leader drew upon himself the blame for others' faults, as if indeed such a course of action was natural and self-evident. We can very well understand why his people look up to this extraordinary man as if to a Messiah.

* * *

His people!—are the three hundred million men of India a people? Are we not told that they are divided into Hindus and Mussalmans who make themselves reciprocally ridiculous on account of their beliefs? Are not the Hindus again divided into internecine castes which mutually hate one another? So have we heard from those acquainted with the land and further we have heard it remarked that the Englishmen who rule over and exploit India are a real blessing to this fair unhappy land; and besides that, if Englishmen had not already been in India, they should have been expressly found out for the purpose!

That is the general opinion in Europe, and the attitude of the Indians during the world war seemed to corroborate the view; a down-trodden people that voluntarily sent forth a million soldiers to the battlefield could not have been so badly oppressed after all. So thought I, too, once and doubtfully dismissed all the regularly appearing reports of "English embarrassments in India." But since I read the vividly clear work of Romain Rolland on Gandhi* in the excellent German garb, doubts have arisen in my mind regarding the doubts which I had hitherto cast on the above-said reports.

For out of this most stirring fund of biographic

*Romain Rolland: *Mahatma Gandi.* Translated (into German) by Emil Roniger, Rotapfel—Verlag, Erlenbach, Zurich. 146 pp.

material, it becomes exceedingly clear that Gandhi has awakened the three hundred million people of India to a consciousness of national unity—nay, more, that he has united them into an opposition such as the British Government had not known during the century and a half of its existence.

Gandhi did this, almost without wishing it, impelled by the dire stress of his people and the manner of his own personality. He is, as Rolland says, "religious by nature and politician by necessity." Through the fact that he adhered faithfully to this basic temperamental characteristic of his during all the unavoidable political turmoils, that he did not adopt his predecessor Tilak's maxim "all is fair in politics"—through this fact he succeeded in inspiring the resistance of the soul of India to that degree of religious fervor which alone is capable of impairing tenacity and will power to such a weak and obedient race.

With an endless patience which Western ideas almost identify with weakness, Gandhi attempted to exact from the British Government the fulfillment of their promises. For twenty-five years he remained their devoted servant, convinced of the superiority of the British constitution, and then had he only asked for reforms in the then existing framework. Indian Home Rule and self-determination were finally promised to the Indians as their reward for their participation in the world war. Even in 1917 Mr. Montagu had held out the prospect of responsible government. On the 2nd April, 1918, when the British heaven was overcast by German clouds as never before, Lloyd George directed his heart-stirring appeal to the people of India for help. Even when it went hard with England, the brotherly gesture quickly found the way to the hearts of the brown men, and even these latter let themselves be deceived by such gestures. And Gandhi still cooperated. The British cause was yet righteous in his eyes, more so than the German. Yet did Gandhi view the world through English glasses, and the culture of the world unlocked itself to him through the English language.

After the armistice, the promises of the government were as soon forgotten as the services of the Indians; and these had again become men of the second class. Then it was that Gandhi organized, in the "Satyagraha" movement, a constitutional opposition which preached and practiced disobedience against the government, especially where dishonorable laws were employed. Gandhi inaugurated this resistance with a common day of prayer. Well could he do this, for, the first time in history, the land united for defense stood behind him in the form of the All India Congress. Then came the fearful day of Amritsar, where General Dyer emptied his machine guns for ten minutes on a defenseless crowd of many women and children, only because they were ignorant of an order issued the previous night prohibiting meetings. This bloody episode sank away in importance all too quickly in Europe amidst the revolutionary waves of the after-war days. In India, however, agitation flamed very high and became well-nigh uncontrollable, since the responsible officers not only were not called back and punished, but were rewarded for their act of heroism.

Soon after followed the second demand: the suzerainty of the Turkish Sultan and of the Khalifa were not protected, as Lloyd George and the Viceroy had promised, but abandoned. Gandhi instantly stepped by the side of his Mohammedan countrymen and made their sorrows his own.

The methods of the struggle which now began were fundamentally simple and they could be effective only in their permanent application. Gandhi resorted to a kind of passive resistance, the first act of which was "non-cooperation." Under the authority of the Khilafat Committee he announced to the Viceroy the outline of his scheme: Non-participation in government loans and functions; boycott of government courts, councils and appointments. Gandhi himself set the example when on the 1st August, 1920, he sent his titles, etc., back, "not without a heavy feeling," as he says, but in the hope that the government would "repent." This of course the government could never do. Schools emptied themselves, officers sought their dismissal and the movement became greatly strengthened. . . .

It would lead us too far to follow severally the various stages of the heroic struggle that ensued against the measures and the precautions of the British Government. The sorrowful path of "non-violence," "non-cooperation" and "non-participation" led Indians in thousands to imprisonment and exposed them to threats and the severest oppression, till at last the peaceful, quiet-loving organizer of this peculiarly eastern revolution himself became a victim. We have seen how pure and great he was before the tribunal and how this lean, simple man in his poor dress but with the token of spiritual greatness on his brow rose to be the moral accuser of British justice, and proclaimed like an arch-angel with the fiery sword his message of self-renunciation, of self-sacrifice and of all-conquering brotherly love.

Is there aught, in this remarkably arresting secular appearance, of what we popularly call pacifism? With refreshingly delightful plainness Rolland defends him from such a characterization. Says Rolland: "The soul of his opposition is fight, not passive but active resistance through the inspired or impassioned power of Love, of Faith and of Sacrifice." Gandhi girds up his loins against violence with the spirit of the great saints and martyrs. Gandhi says: "Where the choice is between cowardice and violence, I would counsel the latter. . . . Whoever is not equipped with this spirit should learn to kill and to be killed, rather than flee from danger, for he who flees commits violence in thinking. . . . I would prefer violence a hundred times before effeminacy or emasculation." Despite all this, he did all he could, so long as he enjoyed freedom, to prevent violence on the part of Indians. The enemy should not even have the appearance of a justification for violence. In this Gandhi only met with imperfect success in a battlefield of three hundred million excited men. England, of course, could very well go on with her executions, supported by her machine guns; but her moral superiority and the predominance of western culture were robbed of their fundament. Oppressed Asia raises, through Gandhi, its incorruptibly strong voice.

"The last war has exposed the satanic character of the civilization which possesses Europe today. All the laws of public morality have been violated by the victors in the name of virtue. No lie was too mean to be employed by them . . . and the cause of all this crime is grossly materialistic. Europe is not Christian. . . . It worships Mammon."

What has Europe to answer to this accusation?—

EUGEN KALKSCHMIDT.

(Translated from the German by L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar. *Current Thought. India.*)

John Burns—Has He Finished?

Is John Burns through with politics? Are politics through with John Burns? Will a future crisis bring again to the British arena one who claims to have left it for reasons which are still a mystery to the public?

These questions are being asked by friends and enemies of the pioneer Labor leader, who, though apparently retired from the field, is just as bristling with mental lightning as ever; just as fit as when, in August, 1889, he startled England and the world by leading the great London Dock Strike to victory; later carrying his fight for the oppressed into the House of Commons as an Independent Social Democrat; emerging finally as a cabinet minister—the first working-man to achieve that honor.

"Why did John Burns commit political suicide in 1914?" wonders the *Daily Graphic* in a recent article on the "Battersea Bonaparte," and goes on to give a vivid sketch of "John" as the author of a monograph on Napoleon soon to be published in England.

Well! Imagine my delight when just the other day I was invited to take tea with this same John Burns in the intimacy of the family circle and to hear from his own lips the answers to many vexed and vexing questions.

I had approached the quiet, dignified home in Clapham Common expecting of course that a maid would open the door. How refreshing, therefore, to be met on the threshold by Burns himself—the "Rt. Hon. John Burns"—who had come out to greet me with all the bouyancy and naturalness of his white haired youth. For that is one of the first things you notice about him—his youthfulness; genuine, restless, nervous, electric youth. That was my first surprise—for I had imagined I would find a man distinctly aged in manner and appearance.

"Come in!" he cried. "Come in by the fire. It's wet and cold outside. We're cheerful in here."

He piloted me at once to a large room where two other guests had arrived before me—a physician and his wife, through whose introduction I had been invited on this particular afternoon to meet the celebrated Londoner. This room was only one of the several that comprise his library, and here I found a huge crimson blaze in the fireplace, which more than compensated for the hazards of inclement weather.

I confess John Burns' library amazed me. Somehow, we are accustomed to thinking of labor leaders as limited in scholarship, certainly not as bibliophiles and connoisseurs of art. I discovered this remarkable man to be both, in addition to having won such trophies in public administration as rarely fall to the lot of one who started his career as a boy working in a candle factory, with no chance of an education except as he created it himself.

Short of stature but powerful in build; shaggy-browed, clean-featured, grey-bearded, with burning black eyes that pierced through and beyond his listeners, John Burns took his place in front of the fire and resumed conversation with his guests apparently where he had left it. That white hair came prematurely to the aggressive, intensely active fighter for the working man, when, as "The Standard Bearer of the Rude Mechanicals" he flung himself into the cause of the dock strikers with such fury and doggedness that the wear and tear robbed him of his raven black locks, turning them white and his beard grey.

With his hands behind his back and his back to the blaze, he launched forth now into an expression of his opinions exactly as though he were delivering an address in parliament.

"This is indeed luck!" said I, thanking what gods there be, and sat with rivetted attention, lest I miss one word or interfere in any way with the astonishing flow of eloquence.

For over two years I have lived in England as one sitting in a mighty amphitheatre watching the procession of world events across a mammoth screen—films of such magnitude, such striking significance as perhaps have never been known in the history of the world, in their outer shape, a tragedy; in their inner meaning, the arrival of a new order. I had seen the coming of the Labor Party to power; watched the rise to social fame of individuals who but a score of years ago would have been thought too lowly to enter the Royal Circles. I had witnessed the "bloodless revolution" which put into the seats of the mighty those humble servants of the Empire so suddenly that even the leaders themselves were unprepared, having dizzy honors thrust upon them before they scarce could credit it.

And I had witnessed, too, the terrible reaction—the fall of the Labor Party; the readjustment of conditions which had seemed malleable, back to the old molds of conservatism and "safety"—if safety it truly is, with the English Conservative press accusing Baldwin of being a socialist, and the red flag being waved in Hyde Park while the unemployed raise their voices in challenge against the government!

But now I looked upon the individual whose vehement life purpose had given the initial impetus to the labor movement in England; the man who at one time was the storm center of the revolution; who, through sheer driving will and executive ability, fired by a vision of the meek coming at last to their own, had himself become the forerunner and spokesman for his people.

"What do you think of the Labor Party—its future and possibilities?" I asked him. "Do you not think it unfortunate they came in before they had a majority?" Another question I put to him was: "And what of the world war?"

Ah, that is where John Burns feels most keenly of all—the world war. As he uttered now the well-ordered, clean-cut, yet glowing enunciations through which we looked into his mind as into a mirror, I realized that I saw before me the man who, while at the height of his public career, had the wit, the foresight, the courage, the promptness of action, to drop out altogether rather than become entangled in that family quarrel which plunged the entire world into despair and left an incalculable heritage of debt and terror for future generations—to say nothing of accumulated hatreds which are the breeders of other wars.

"Mrs. Burns expects you for tea," he genially told us. "Come—I think she must be ready."

So out of the crimson-warm library, through corridors and across a hallway we followed him to the

cozy dining room where, in front of another cheery blaze, Mrs. John Burns, tall, slender, fair and attractive to look upon, had prepared a delightful repast, with dainty service and flowers on the table. The tea hour becomes a necessity, a habit one cannot resist, once there has been a yielding in this direction. I confess I look forward to tea now every day with the same zest the English do, and find a refreshment in the very anticipation.

"Sit here," smiled Mrs. Burns—"near the fire. How will you have your tea?"

She is the ideal helpmate of the public man. Clever and capable in myriad ways herself, she has yet that modesty which is willing not to occupy the center of the stage in the presence of a husband already established as a genius. John Burns loves to acknowledge his wife's superior gifts; her practical assistance to him in his life work. During the Dock Strike, it was her energy and resourcefulness that helped him to victory. Without her, could he have succeeded?

Gowned gracefully in black, with black lace sleeves and a long necklace of Chinese blue, Mrs. Burns made a striking picture in the rose glow of the fire.

After a few happy remarks, the wife subsided into a listening attitude as her husband again became eloquent in replying to the questions of the guests. I think I never heard a wider field of topics covered in so short a time in private conversation. John Burns talked of politics, travel, war, peace, labor, books, art, and humanity in general. He told of his travels in West Africa, France, Germany, Italy, Austria and elsewhere, and—he told of his visits to America. His impressions of our people—well! That would mean another article. He talked of our attitude in the War, of Wilson, of Col. House, and of the latter's book.

Never have I heard a more eloquent portrayal of Europe's great Hope when Wilson crossed the sea to help make the world safe for democracy. John Burns painted the picture so vividly, that I could see the throngs in the streets, watch the pageantry of nations who reached wild hands to our President as to a saviour of the world.

"But I want you to see my library!" said our host, when tea was over, and we followed him out into the halls again, stopping first to see the charming kitchen, which was more like a living room than the customary laboratory for the preparation of family meals. We visited the drawing room next, with its Chippendale furniture, artistic hangings and pictures; then on we marched to the real heart of this household —John Burns' library.

This burning enthusiast cannot do anything half way. Therefore, in the interval of public inactivity his immense energy had to expend itself on something big—hence the "biblomania" which manifests itself in these rooms crowded with treasure. I am told that this collection of rare books which I had the privilege of seeing that Sunday afternoon is one of the finest private libraries in London. One room was given up to the special collection of books about London which Burns had taken pride in assembling. Shelves upon shelves containing entirely volumes on the city of London.

In another room, we found his "first editions" of the poets. He showed me the first, second and third editions of Milton's "Paradise Lost." One of these, with its companion volume, "Paradise Regained" was, I am told, a gift to him from a well known artist. In this room I found all the great classics in poetry, history and philosophy. One of his greatest prizes in this group is a unique copy of The Answer of King Charles I to the deputation of Parliament which waited on the unfortunate monarch with the grim demand for his head. One of his most highly valued possessions is the battered copy of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which he found buried under the foundation of the old engine house at Akassa—so the story goes—in his early West African days.

I was delighted to find in his galaxy what looked to be a companion of the huge "History of the World" by Sir Walter Raleigh which one finds under a glass case in the Tower of London.

One source of keen satisfaction to him is his fine array of books on Sir Thomas More, whose "Utopia" was an early inspiration to the Battersea lad, studying at night schools for an education.

"This is the book that made me," said John Burns, holding forth a small edition of the loved volume, "this started me in the true path."

As I stood looking at this wonderful assemblage of rare treasure, I could not help thinking of the poverty-bred Scotch boy who, with nothing but his own tremendous will and character, determined while yet a youth that he would "some day sit in Parliament." Confiding this dream once to a boy friend, he was undismayed when the latter laughed at him and called his ravings "Utter rot." "I will some day sit under that clock!" persisted John, pointing to "Big Ben." And sure enough, the Battersea lad not only "sat under that clock" but became one of the outstanding figures in British politics, herald of our modern times, the first working man to become a British minister.

But has John Burns finished? I cannot believe it. His vehement spirit, his undiminished intellectual ardor, are still with him. Physically, he will always be "fit," for his hardy training in athletics has stood him in good stead. His sports have been numerous and strenuous, his recreations being of the vigorous sort. I believe he indulges in rowing, boxing, skating, cricket, etc., to this day.

Who knows what new dream he may be nursing in the quiet of his study? Who knows but in his seeming retirement he is preparing himself for yet another peak of achievement? He did not tell me what the new dream was, but it seems to absorb and illuminate him, and—well, any and all of us are entitled to speculate.

The life of a public man may be said to resemble a planet in its progressive stages of fiery heat, gradual cooling and hardening, till a crust forms and soil is made where pleasant and useful things may grow. When you first see John Burns in his calm, profound retreat, feeling the silent magic of his home life, some such notion may enter your mind. But after you hear him speak! After you catch the lightning of his look, his restlessness, his power, you are sure he was made for the arena, and the arena was made for him.

ANGELA MORGAN.

London, England.

Can the Pacifists Unite on the Outlawry of War?

S. O. Levinson, the father of Outlawry says: "the word outlawry is used as a kind of *e pluribus unum,* an effective word in the enumeration of anti-war sentiment, well intentioned, but confused, and except for the charm of the word, meaningless."

Before me are six letters. The writers are the editor of a leading church paper, a former secretary of one of the foremost non-partisan peace organizations in this country, a member of the committee who helped frame the peace resolutions in a recent national church council, a minister whose pacifism lost him his position, a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and a devoted believer in the economic causes of war. Also the resolutions of many churches and conferences. They all use the word outlawry. Not one of them would satisfy Mr. Levinson nor any other fully equipped champion of outlawry, as to what it is or what it proposes to do. Not one but links outlawry with something that does not belong to it.

Outlawry is a principle plus a plan, a "mind set" plus a program, a moral purpose plus a method. It has a grip on the ethics of war, a world outlook on the business of war, an unqualified decision toward the system of war. Outlawry demands that the war system now legalized by nations must be made illegal, now sanctioned must be made a crime, now intrenched in our international customs and codes and courts must be abolished. There is to be no compromise with war itself. Outlawry at the begining talked about "aggressive" and "defensive" wars. In the last analysis the distinction between aggressive and defensive wars is not so apparent as we used to think. Now outlawry says that "any concession to the grim monster of war may be fatal." On this the first plank in its platform, not lessening wars but abolishing war all real pacifists can consistently stand.

But another stronghold of outlawry is in the attitude toward the much discussed and various alleged causes of war. It goes without saying that back of every war and of war itself there are reasons, roots, causes, but we do not agree at all as to what they are or which one comes first or which are the greatest. About all the agreement we reach is that each one considers his the real cause and therefore we must all unite on his remedy.

Outlawry contends, our first business is to give the discussion of these various opinions about the causes of war a vacation for a time, and go to work on what will cure disease. If it be said, as it often is, that we must know all about what made the disease, before we can know what will destroy it, we are saying that before we can set a broken bone or give the medicine that we know will kill diphtheria germs we must know and agree as to how the patient got that way! What the patient needs is to go to work on a cure. Outlawry knows it has the cure if we will only take its medicine. When pacifist or militarist, or economist or nationalist consent to try the plan of outlawry, no matter how they differ on causes the war problem will be solved.

Outlawry is not a short cut but a straight cut toward peace. It demands a campaign as well as an attitude and a sentiment against war, but under all is the "uncompromising standard of the absolute outlawry of war." It scraps much of the past about war, it is alert to the present fact concerning war. It goes out to the people with its unswerving moral protest and its practical program against the institution, the system, in which every sect of pacifists can join. It maps out a practical program for every nation, in which there is no compromise with the principle of pacifism. It can use all the helps in Leagues or Courts or laws or economies that are possible. Its deepest and divinest command is, "thou shalt not kill each other as nations!" —*John Faville,*
Wisconsin State Journal.

The Study Table

MOSTLY TEXTBOOKS

The newest volume in Dr. David P. Barrows' series of *Government Handbooks* is "British Politics in Transition."[1] It differs in character from the volumes so far issued. Those have each treated in detail the form, the nature, the operation of some one government —as that of the German Empire, Switzerland, Belgium. In this volume we have not a description of the Government of Great Britain. It is assumed that the student using this text will gain such information from class lectures or some other text-book. It is presumed that he already has a good knowledge of the American Constitution and of the United States Government. This book is intended as a first book for college students who are beginning the study of political science by a comparative method. It is made up of a selected and carefully arranged mass of original source material. It seeks

"less to supply the pupil with dogmatic answers to his questionings than to raise situations and problems for which he must be trained to frame political estimates and judgments. To the ordinary American, no doubt, British politics and the British government has a fixity and stability in sharp contrast to our own shifting and drifting policies. But a moment's consideration will show that every government that is alive and active must be changing, must constantly be in transition. British politics, just because of Britain's importance and greatness, "is a perpetual succession of compromises, adjustments and innovations."

The reasons for applying the method here developed to Britain are found in the facts that our own political system is based upon English government and institutions, that England exerts an immense influence upon the politics of continental Europe, and that Great Britain is itself "the greatest existing school of politics." The book consists of a large number of "extracts" from governmental reports, parliamentary debates, party platforms, official documents, and discussions by publicists. They are grouped and arranged under the topics—the Monarch, the Cabinet, the Civil Service, the Electorate, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, Party, Home Rule and Devolution. They are selected to represent different parties and points of view. The ex-

1. *British Politics in Transition.* Edward McChesney Sait and David P. Barrows, Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co., 16° pp., xvi, 391.

tracts of each group are preceded by a brief editorial comment. The material is lively, timely, up to date. Perhaps no extract is older than 1911; most of them date from 1918 on. Though the book is intended for college students, the material is of such interest and importance that readers will find it attractive and editors will be glad to have so broad a presentation of live questions conveniently at hand.

Dr. Robbins' "School History of the American People"[2] embodies the latest ideas in pedagogy. Though intended for upper grammar grades and junior high schools it runs to well over 600 pages. One can but wonder what the limit for children's text-books is to be! The book is distinguished by its plan and method. "The underlying idea is the setting up of problems for the student to solve, the solution of which he will find in the text towards which his study is purposefully directed." Each chapter begins with a paragraph of *introduction* and ends with a *summary;* there follow them—a study test, a list of dates worth remembering, references for outside reading, and suggestions for special work. The "topical" method, now so popular, is followed, but we are assured that the difficulties of it have been avoided. The history considers not only political, but also economical and sociological phases. It is up to date, thus including the great war and its results. The book is conscientious work. We do not see the absence of "personal opinion" that is claimed for it, but there is an evident striving for fairness. The book is illustrated with a remarkable collection of pictures, among which contemporary cartoons are a striking feature. How far these are pertinent and helpful may be questioned. We do not wish to indulge in carping criticism but we confess that we wonder if the child does all that is here laid out to be done, what time and strength will be left for other studies.

Here, too, is a book of the "topical" kind; here, too, is an extension of the high-school curriculum.[3] Here again we have "problems for solution" and they are problems of citizenship. Here, again, we have an analysis at the beginning of the chapter and the whole apparatus for helping the student to solve the problem at the end. Questions on the text, classroom discussion, investigation and report, debate, references—are intended to rouse interest and to develop habits of thought and real work on the part of the student. Diagrams and graphs are sufficiently used to drive home the points to be made. The book is deadly earnest. Prof. Ross feels a heavy responsibility for our youth. He has confidence in the future, if we do our duty to the boys and girls—opening their eyes to the trends in society, indicating the dangers, hinting at the solutions. He does not try to cover the entire field, but desires to focus attention on the big problems that lie nearest. The book is intended for the senior year of the high school, and "should be preceded or followed by a semester of elementary economics." (Oh! the curriculum! the curriculum!) Prof. Ross' attitude is well shown by his statement:

"My idea of fitting the youth for good citizenship is to rid his mind, once and for all, of fallacies which otherwise may rule it so long as he lives. 'Why shouldn't I vote for my friends?' 'Is it anybody's business how much we spend to elect our candidate so long as we spend it legitimately?' 'Why should I obey a law put over us by a lot of blue-noses?' The classroom is the place to thrash out such questions and the time to do it is while the youth is still open-minded and disinterested."

A scientist of standing and a skilled writer for young people have co-operated in the preparation of "High Lights of Geography—North America.[4] Dr. Jordan supplies the geographical and geological facts; Mrs. Cather gives the form and adds the Indian stories. The book is an interesting supplementary reader for grammar and lower high school grades. It deals with a wide range of objects and answers a thousand questions as to the origin and meaning of geographic features. Rivers, lakes, deserts, plains, mountains, volcanoes, mineral deposits, glaciers—what are they, how came they to be, what do they teach? Such things as the Devil's post-pile, petrified forests, Mt. Lassen, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, Great Salt Lake, the Dismal Swamp, the Natural Bridge—such phenomena are described and studied. Science gives its explanation of them; the Indians who preceded us had *their* explanations, and Mrs. Cather has brought together many of their legends and fits them into their proper places. The book contains two parts—*How the earth was made* and *Life upon the earth.* It is admirably illustrated with many beautiful pictures and contains useful maps. An unusual use is made of views taken from the aeroplane, a kind peculiarly adapted to give clear and graphic ideas in this field. To help the student to appreciation, to show him how the things of which he has been reading *are* appreciated, and to encourage him to see interesting and beautiful places for himself, a list is given of our *National Parks* and *National Monuments,* with a brief statement of the interest and significance of each.

The author of Seward's Folly[5] has already written a considerable list of stories, the scenes of all being in remote and little known places. "Seward's Folly" is, of course, a story of Alaska. It has the semblance of an historical novel, but the reader is warned beforehand that the incident which forms the very heart of the story "must be regarded as purely fictitious." The hero is a southern gentleman, left stranded after the Civil War. He was sent by Seward on a delicate and serious mission. His selection is a sad reflection on the wisdom of that "profound though lucid genius." Nowhere in the entire story does the hero give a hint of ability or fitness to deal with his task. The heroine is a lady, mysterious throughout and fantastic in the culmination. The story has no plot to speak of. Its interest lies in its description of Russian life and international intrigue at the Sitka of 1867. It hints at secret diplomacy and hidden policies and the story turns on the question of how the treaty of 1839 between the great Russian and British trading companies came to lapse. It was the business of our hero to prevent its re-making—an end which he gains quite by accident and the importance of his success is left doubtful in the denouement.

FREDERICK STARR.

2. *School History of the American People.* Charles L. Robbins (ond Elmer Brean). Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co., 16° pp. xxxiv 607.

3. *Civic Sociology.* Edward Alsworth Ross. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co., 16° pp., vi., 365.

4. *High Lights of Geography, North America.* David Starr Jordan and Katherina Dunlap Cather. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1925. World Book Co., 16° pp., xv., 358.

5. *Seward's Folly.* Edison Marshall. Boston: 1924. Little, Brown & Co., 16° pp., (iii.) 312.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

International Fellowship of Reconciliation

Monthly News Sheet

The Sixth International Conference will be held at Oberammergau, Bavaria, Germany, from August 13 to 20. The two main subjects of study will be: (1) Post-Locarno Western Europe; (2) South Eastern Europe. They will be considered not mainly from the political point of view, but with the object of discovering the ways in which individuals, as well as the whole movement, can help towards understanding. The various "minority" questions will be studied with the help of experts. Further information may be obtained from the International Office, 16 Red Lion Square, London, W. C. 1.

A Summer School for training peaceworkers will be held by the International Fellowship of Reconciliation at Oberammergau, Germany, for three weeks July 20 to August 10. Courses of lectures on the principles and practical methods of peacemaking will be given by leaders of the Movement.

Armenian Colony.—An urgent appeal comes from Dr. Beskow on behalf of the Armenian Colony at Tel-Armen, which is run by the Swedish Branch of the International Fellowship. Though the general position of the Colony is very satisfactory, unfavourable weather last winter and spring has resulted in temporary financial difficulties. Relief work among the Arabs, also a part cause of the difficulty, has been amply justified by results. Karen Jeppe, the League of Nations Commissioner, writes: "The reconciliation between Hadjim and Meswed (two Arab Pashas) . . . as well as the peaceful atmosphere of "La maison blanche" all work together to help the building up of a new world out here. . . . Taking it all together, it is a wonderful piece of work which the movement has started." £200 is required before the next harvest, i. e., in two months' time. Those who can, are asked to send contributions to the International Office, 16 Red Lion Square, London, W. C. 1.

Austria.—A branch of the "League for the Rights of Man" (Ligue des Droits de l'Homme) is in process of formation in Vienna. The founders are for the most part leaders of the Viennese branch of the Union of Democratic Control.

A "Society of Men of Goodwill" has recently been founded in Vienna. Its objects include "the mitigation of all sharp oppositions in the world, as much as is possible by means of personal example and joyful sacrifice." The appeal for union declares "that humane ideals, such as just social conditions, the abolition of war, disarmament, and the creation of a true League of Nations, will only be realised when men's hearts have become ripe for it." It is the aim of the society to work for this necessary change of heart among men.

Czecho-Slovakia.—The Military Law provides that the period of military service shall be reduced in 1926, from 18 months to 14.

The Minister of National Defence has declared that he will insist on an amendment to the law. All parties in the Government support the longer period, except the Social Democrats, who protest strongly against it. This party is also working for the abolition of the special Military Courts, so that military persons should become subject to Civil jurisdiction.

Esthonia.—A Bill for Military Training among school-children has passed the first reading in Parliament. The Government supports the proposal, as necessary for maintaining national independence.

Finland.—Arbitration Treaties have been signed between Finland on the one side and Sweden, Norway and Denmark on the other. A motion proposing Civilian Service for those who refuse Military Service, has at last been introduced in the Reichstag; it is supported by Social Democrats and the leading ecclesiastical newspaper Kotunaa. It is also proposed to shorten the period of service. The C. O., Heikki Simonen, has been released, after two months' imprisonment. A new chauvinistic periodical of which Pastor Mustakallio is part-editor, has recently appeared; it contains warlike articles expressing an attitude of hatred towards Russia.

France. — The Socialists in the Chamber have voted in a body against the credits for the war in Syria and Morocco. A letter from Abd-el-Krim in the London Times of March 17 proclaims his eagerness for peace and at the same time his resolve to resist to the very end. While France and Spain refuse to allow the dispatch of ambulances to the Riffi, Abd-el-Krim has allowed the passage of stores to his French and Spanish prisoners.

Several newspapers having stated that the conditions of peace would not be the same as in July, 1925, the League for the Rights of Man has demanded a government declaration on the subject.

Great Britain.—The Navy Estimates

Correspondence

"Unity" and Peace

Editor of UNITY:

A friend of mine has favored me with a copy of one of your issues and I have enjoyed reading its contents.

Especially have I appreciated your stand in favor of peace and I am glad to know that there is a sane, religious journal devoted to a determined stand against the horrors of war. I know them for I went through the War with Spain and will carry with me, to my dying day, marks of that brutality.

ALAN PRESSLEY WILSON.

Another Viewpoint, Plus a Tolerant Spirit

Editor of UNITY:

Enclosed please find check for $3.00 for one year's subscription to UNITY.

We could not get along without UNITY, but do wish you would not take such absurd views of the Negro question. If New Englanders and New Yorkers would go down South and live for a few years, they would not feel so cocky and self-confident that they know just how to handle this vexed question. Having been born and raised in the South, although of Yankee parentage, I can see the absurdity of the Yankee's views about Negroes. My many relatives of Yankee extraction never seemed to get beyond the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stage of the Negro question. I can see how little they know about Negroes. As Booker T. Washington said, the Negro's best friend is the Southerner, who understands him, not the Yankee who theorizes about him. When as a girl I had a friend *brutally* murdered by a Negro (I shall not go into the horrible details—a Yankee would not believe them anyway), I knew that justice was meted out to him when her father lighted the fire that burned him up after his confession.

I never destroy a number of UNITY, sending them out wherever I think I can get a reader and possibly a subscriber, but it is because of UNITY's stand against war that I am its faithful ally—not because of its childish views on the Negro question.

With best wishes for the success of UNITY,

I. S. NEWELL.

Casper, Wyoming.

Missionaries in Japan

Editor of UNITY:

. . . Though I have been here but a short time, I have become very fond not only of the country but of the people as well. There is a certain amount of courtesy and gentleness unknown in the United States.

It will seem strange to you as a clergyman when I say what little faith I had in Christianity is rapidly disappearing. If I had money and were a man of independent means, I should make it my business to return to the States after thoroughly studying missionary conditions and then expose them.

Most of the Japanese are wise to them and have little use for them except possibly as teachers of hygiene and sanitation. When these missionaries are in the States they pose as such martyrs and claim they suffer so terribly out here in the Far East, and consequently request donations. Yet they take vacations at their convenience, at the most expensive hotels, and are far from suffering as they claim. One cannot help but lose not only respect for but patience with these people.

If a person is a good man or a good woman and is true to his religion, whether he is a Buddhist or a Christian matters little. The hyprocrisy practiced by the majority of the so-called Christians out here is disgraceful. L.

Yokohama, Japan.

for 1926, which show a reduction on total expenditure allow for an increase of over one million pounds for construction of new ships. A motion for the abolition of the Navy was supported by nineteen Labor votes.

A Peacemakers' Pilgrimage is being organised by several of the most important women's organisations at the suggestion of the Women's International League. Other Societies, such as the League of Nations Union, which include various political opinions, are co-operating. The pilgrims will pass along six different routes, converging on London on June 19, where a demonstration will be held in Hyde Park. At meetings in towns and villages en route a resolution will be put urging "His Majesty's Government to agree to submit all disputes to conciliation or arbitration, and to show, by taking the lead in the proposed Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations, that Great Britain does not intend to appeal to force."

Holland.—The pacifist idea is becoming a subject for discussion among larger circles of people than hitherto. A few months ago a Catholic Peace Movement was founded, in the spirit of the Encyclical of Pope Benedictus XV.

Since December, 1924, most of the important Peace Societies have joined in a No-More-War Federation, whose Secretariat is situated at The Hague.

Conscientious Objection is now recognised as a moral ideal among supporters of the State, and not merely among political radicals. A leading monthly periodical recently contained a long article on this question by Professor Heering, in which he advocates a revision of the law in favour of C. O.'s and suggests Civilian Service as a possible solution. The number of C. O.'s every year is not more than thirty; of these only three or four were allowed Civilian Service according to the law, by the late War Minister; recently, however, two young men who had refused on conscientious grounds were sentenced to the same period of imprisonment as they had already served in detention, and were therefore immediately released and exempted from service. They were helped by a Commission which was specially appointed for this work, and it is possible that the position of C. O.'s will be made easier in the future. Political objectors, however, are always sentenced to the full ten or eleven months' imprisonment.

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